will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord
of the matter, theſe good fellowes will bring thee where I am,
Roſencraus and *Guilderſterne* hold their courſe for *England*, of them
I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knoweſt thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I wil make you way for theſe your Letters.
And doo't the ſpeedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeale,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father ſlaine
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceed not againſt theſe feates
So criminall and ſo capitall in nature,
As by your ſafetie, greatneſſe, wiſdome, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd vp.

King. O for two ſpeciall reaſons
Which may to you perhaps ſeeme much vnſinnow'd,
But yet to me tha'r ſtrong, the Queene his mother
Liues almoſt by his lookes, and for my ſelfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is ſo concliue to my life and ſoule,
That as the ſtarre mooues not but in his Sphere
I could not but by her: the other motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the Spring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, ſo that my arrowes
Too ſlightly timbered for ſo loued armes,
VVould haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aim'd them.

Laer. And ſo I haue a noble father loſt,
A ſiſter driuen into deſperate termes,
VVhoſe worth, if praiſes may goe backe againe

Stood

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your ſleeps for that, you muſt not thinke
That we are made of ſtuffe ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhooke with danger,
And thinke it paſtime, you ſhortly ſhall heare more,
I lou'd your father, and we loue our ſelfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Meſſenger with Letters.

Meſſen. Theſe to your Maieſty, this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?

Meſſen. Sailers my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you ſhall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your Kingdome, to morrow ſhall I beg leaue to ſee your Kingly eies, when I ſhall, firſt asking you pardon, thereunto recount the occaſion of my ſudden returne.

King. What ſhould this meane, are all the reſt come backe,
Or is it ſome abuſe, and no ſuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a poſtſcript here he ſaies alone,
Can you deuiſe me?

Laer. I am loſt in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very ſickneſſe in my heart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didſt thou.

King. If it be ſo *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo, how otherwiſe,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, ſo you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned,
As liking not his Voyage, and that he meanes,
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exploite, now ripe in my deuiſe,
Vnder the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall:

And

4 Guildensterne 6 I will your way 11 hart
18 cls 33 armd penult. desprat
23 caractir 27 hart As the king at his